

THE
COMMON SCHOOL JOURNAL.

VOL. VII.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1845.

No. 1.

ADDRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS.

THE Sixth Volume of our Journal having been completed under more prosperous circumstances than attended its commencement, it becomes the Publishers to address a few words to those friends who have encouraged the work by their own subscription, or by procuring that of their friends. The past year has been one of peculiar attention to the subject of education, and it is to be hoped that the spirit which has been aroused, and which has tried the great principles of our school system, will not be permitted to sleep again, until it has determined whether the wisdom of our fathers established a system of schools capable of constant progression and improvement, or whether they only attempted to fix bounds beyond which their descendants should not pass, however much improved, and however much enlightened by the very system established. We have said that the number of our subscribers has increased; but we must be excused for adding, that the extraordinary expenses incurred for the improvement of the Journal have far exceeded that increase. The translation of an entire System of Drawing, from the German, and the engraving and printing of its numerous plates, involve an expense of five hundred dollars at least, part of which sum has been furnished by a few friends, but the balance of which must be borne by the editor or the publishers, unless the patronage of the Journal is increased in proportion to the outlay.

Our State, as a State, has done nothing to extend the usefulness of this publication, notwithstanding the acknowledged necessity for such a depository of the laws and of other educational materials; and yet the comparatively feeble State of Rhode Island has supplied her schools with it,—has placed a complete series of its volumes in every town library, and is preparing to reap the rich fruits of our experience. To that State, and to its enterprising school agent, Henry Barnard, Esq., to the city of New Orleans, the towns of Nantucket and Charlestown, and to such other corporations as have encouraged the Journal, we feel grateful, as we do to E. P. Langdon, Esq., of Cincinnati; Theodore Leonard, Esq., of Greenfield; O. C. Gardiner, Esq., of New York, and other individuals, who have, without expense to us, procured the subscription of their friends. What has thus been done is, we trust, only an earnest of what will be done during the year that has commenced. A very large proportion of our subscribers are teachers of *private* schools, or clergymen; but we are persuaded that the Journal reaches very few of the teachers and school committees of the Common Schools, to whom it must be essentially necessary, and for whom it is, of course, primarily intended. Next to teachers, the clergymen of our State have taken the most active part in behalf of our schools. Their

education has generally pointed them out as the most suitable inspectors of the schools, and the opportunity which is thus afforded them of securing a proper coöperation between the school and the church, has induced many of them to add the duties of a school committee man to the already onerous duties of the pastoral office. To them, as well as to teachers, the Journal must be extremely useful, as a record of education in Massachusetts, and a basis of future action; but a very small number of them feel justified in withdrawing even a dollar from the scanty pittance on which they and their families depend. If our State had taken the same precaution that has prevailed in New York, of sending the Journal to every one of their numerous school districts, and enjoining it upon the superintendents to preserve them bound, in the district libraries, we should never have received hundreds of letters, of which the following, from an evangelical clergyman, not forty miles from Boston, is a specimen:

"To the Publishers of the Common School Journal.

"Messrs:—I regret very much indeed that I cannot see it consistent with my means to continue to take your very valuable Journal. I want it much, as the head of a family, as pastor of a people, and as one, of course, interested in the education of the young around me. *I want the work*, but I am not able to have all I want, and I am unwilling to be in debt. I could not pay for the two last volumes when I should, but if you will send the bill for them it shall be paid, and I shall owe you nothing but love, and good wishes for success, in your important enterprise,—yes, a little more than love and good will,—my influence as far as I am able to encourage your Journal."

Were half of the cases like this with which we are acquainted known to those who have means enough and to spare, we feel assured that, instead of saying, "We will not subscribe, because we have no time to read the Journal, and feel no interest in the subject," they would liberally subscribe, and seek out those who would gladly read, but have not the opportunity. During the present year, one of us has met in convention more than five hundred Common School teachers, every one of whom longed to take the Journal, but of whom not one in a hundred felt able to subscribe, so limited still are the means of teachers in our village schools.

It is by law made the duty of the Secretary of the Board of Education, to diffuse over the state the knowledge that he may collect. The Legislature publishes a few thousands of his annual Report, and distributes them to the towns; but valuable as this report always is, it does not contain a tithe of the information that may be, and ought to be communicated to the people, but for the dissemination of which no means has been provided. The only feasible plan to scatter the knowledge thus collected, next to some provision by the Legislature, is the publication of a journal which shall be a record of what has been done, is doing, and ought to be done, to educate the whole people of this State, and, as far as possible, to benefit the other States whose fate is bound up with ours; but this is attended with expenses which the publishers are more willing than able to incur. The Journal, calculating from its commencement to the present time, has not paid its expenses; but we are not destitute of a living faith in the tendency of the public mind to the right point, and, therefore, knowing that much has been done, and that many are daily becoming more convinced of the importance of general education, in its most improved forms, we take courage and shall go forward.

Respectfully,

WM. B. FOWLE & N. CAPEN.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

IN a work, by the Rev. R. C. Waterston, published a few years since, entitled, "THOUGHTS ON MORAL AND SPIRITUAL CULTURE," the subjoined passage occurs. Speaking of new-born children, the author says, "Here is the replenishing of the world; here is a new wave of existence. From these little children will be selected the judges and statesmen of the next half century. Thus are we the creators of a world's destiny; we are moulding the elements of coming society. Every generation is called to make its own impress upon days yet to come. And by the removal of one generation and the coming forward of another, Humanity may receive perpetual renovation. The mature become fixed in their views; old prejudices fasten around them, and are riveted to their souls. New minds come, and why may not these inherit the virtues without the vices of their sires? God offers the world fresh opportunities. The gates of the past close; the gates of the future open. If wisdom and love were all that passed through, the world were indeed blessed. In children, a new Humanity holds out its hand. When will mankind bequeath to it only what is good? *We take one race and score them all over with errors; then God seems, in his kindness, to say, 'HERE IS A NEW RACE; BEGIN ONCE MORE.'*"

This striking thought is equally apposite to the death of the Old, and to the birth of the New Year. The recurrence of this period,—all anniversaries indeed,—are mile-stones in the journey of life. Arrived at them, we pause for a moment, and take in retrospect and prospect. What have we done? What shall we resolve to do? How can past errors be made conducive to future usefulness? How can past achievements be pushed on to a higher consummation? The educator seeks his answers to these questions, in reference to the rising myriads of the race.

The past year has carried its multitudes to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." But the earth is not less populous,—it is even more so,—than when the last anniversary greeted us from a thousand tongues, with its "Happy New Year!" The places of the departed have been filled by the incoming. That multitudinous procession, whose countless throngs crowd all the space between the cradle and the grave, is still unbroken. The column of life moves on, and no chasm, at any point, sunders the continuity of its line. From infancy to age, from the new-born to the gray-haired, every rank is full, and the gradation is perfect. All have moved forward one stage toward the returnless goal. Each treads in the footsteps of his predecessor, and those who have freshly entered upon the stage outnumber those who have made their exit from it.

It is neither our province nor our purpose, here, to follow those whose earthly career has been ended during this last cycle of time. This is no place either to predict or presume their ultimate fate. That dread arbitrament is in other hands,—in hands at once righteous and merciful. But of their mortal state, now irrevocably closed, it is lawful, it is salutary, to speak. The sleepers in the grave cannot be harmed by our reminis-

cences of them. They cannot be excited to pride by our eulogiums; they cannot be provoked by our animadversions upon their worldly life and lot; their ear is beyond our voice, whether we exult or mourn over their fate.

Let a chastened imagination, then, group the departed into companies, and, catching some of their prominent and characteristic traits, transfer them to the living page. Let us then draw an appropriate moral in regard to those whom the past year has set forward another stage in the journey of life; and also in regard to those who, within the same period, have been ushered into this solemn, and, at least to some extent, this mysterious state of being.

Among those whose quenched light has left dark places in the tabernacle of earth, are the good, the just, the wisely benevolent, the philanthropic,—those who have silenced the clamor and the importunacy of inborn propensities, who have trodden temptation under foot, who have said to all the solicitations and proffers of sin, as it has offered them goods, houses, lands, honors, or even a kingdom, "Get thee behind me,"—those who have striven to imitate and to obey the great Pattern and Exemplar of men, by giving meat to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty; by opening hospitable doors to the sick and necessitous stranger; by clothing the naked, and visiting the sick; by going personally to the prisoner in his dungeon, and carrying not only temporal succor to his body, but sympathy and consolation to his soul. These are the brightest spirits that ever walk the earth. They imitate their Great Master, for they go about "doing good." They let their light so shine before men that all eyes are charmed by its loveliness, and being first won to admire, are more likely to be won to imitate it. They bear about them an atmosphere of light and joy. Wherever they go, their course is marked, like that of a fertilizing stream through arid fields, causing freshness and beauty to spring up amid barren and repulsive wastes. Some of this class, during their transitory lives, have set causes in operation whose effects will survive time; they have kindled a spark which will not only outshine, but outlast the sun. This material frame of things may wax old like a garment, but their deeds, self-renewing, self-perpetuating, are predestined to an immortal youth. There is a high and noble sense, in which it is false to say that such men die. Did that oak die, from whose seed have sprung the mighty forests of the New World? In the same way, it is the tendency of good deeds to reproduce themselves, to send out progeny after progeny, until all lands are colonized by the offspring, and are taught the language of benevolence. If this result does not always follow, it is from causes extraneous and obstructive to the good, and not from any element of weakness or seed of death in the good itself. It is still true, however, that when such men die, their power of originating new forms of beneficence is lost. What they have done may not only remain, but propagate itself indefinitely onward; but the benignant heart and the diffusing hand are silent forever. No new fountains will be opened by them, though the old ones may well upwards

while time endures. How shall the places of these be supplied?

But the great in intellect, as well as the great in heart, have gone down to the tomb. There were men upon whom nature had bestowed splendid endowments; and to these endowments earthly friends and guardians had superadded ample and various opportunities; and, what is more valuable than either or both,—that indeed without which both would have been useless,—they possessed the disposition to improve their powers and privileges. Such men have existed, and have stood up as intellectual giants among their fellows,—of colossal stature, and of conquering strength. Without this class of men, how miserable, how contemptible, would the whole race have appeared! Born into a world where the objects are at once so numerous and so various, that, unless some great, comprehensive, classifying mind had arisen to assort and arrange them, according to their organic relations and affinities, we should never have been able to understand their nature and their uses. Born into a world, where the invisible laws and forces which control the objects around us, are so subtle and so profound, that no vision except the most acute and perspicacious could ever detect them, it is incontestably true that without the penetration and sagacity of great and philosophic minds, the earth must still have seemed a chaos to its inhabitants, and all its successive races must have been the sport of forces and of terrors which they could not explain or avert. It would be easy to prove that, without knowledge and without science, our most glorious faculties would have been little more than susceptibilities of fear and pain. These susceptibilities would have been excited and acted upon by ever-present agencies, irresistible and unelusive. Reflect, for a moment, how few among the race have been discoverers and inventors; how few have brought new wealth into the common treasury of knowledge. We count him a great man who can *understand* what a great genius has revealed,—who can take a copy where others have produced an original. Of what unspeakable honor, then, are they worthy who have saved the race from otherwise irretrievable degradation and suffering! Unless this class of men had pushed their explorations into the remote domains of nature; unless they had constructed, as it were, great Appian ways, leading outward into the distant kingdoms of knowledge, and made them so firm, and level, and broad, that people of common strength could travel thereon, we should have known nothing of the extent, the riches, the beauty of the world around us. The earth, in its proper and legitimate sense, would have been given to us in vain, if these master-minds had not also been given to teach us how to use it. Not a year passes but some of this class of men are summoned from amongst us, leaving great projects unachieved, great hopes unfulfilled. The last, like the rest of the years that make up the age of man, must have witnessed the removal of some of these minds, whose prerogative it is to make known the ways of God to man. What have we in their stead! What, at the other end of the advancing line, has emerged into being to supply the places of the guides and sages

who have departed. Knowledge has been carried out of the world by those possessors of knowledge who have left the world; but the children, who, during the mean time, have been born into the world, have brought no knowledge with them. For the fulness of the minds of one class, we have the emptiness of the minds of the other class. Some of the dead were wise men; they had experience in affairs, and sound practical judgment; they were fit to be guides in leading men onward to prosperity. But the new-born have no wisdom; they are utterly destitute of experience; their judgment is a blank; they cannot guide onwards towards prosperity; should they guide at all, it would be to ruin. Again we ask, how shall the places of the great, as well as of the good, be supplied?

But the dropping of the curtain of death has not alone hidden the conspicuous actors upon the stage, from our view. The drama of life could not proceed, if subordinate characters, far more numerous than heroes and heroines, did not play their part. How many peaceful and quiet people, in the comparatively obscure and sequestered vales of life, who for years had faithfully performed their narrow round of duties, and put to the usance of good the one or the two talents wherewith they had been intrusted; how many of these, twelve months ago, hailed the New Year, and joyously greeted their friends upon its return, for the last time. The secluded cottage is often the abode of the purest virtues. There, duties are performed without any of that stimulus or éclat which sustains and urges forward the world-observed, world-applauded dignitary. There, trials are endured, and temptations scorned, without any auxiliary aids, borrowed from the lower motives and passions, but for conscience' sake, for duty's sake alone. It is a lofty, a sublime eminence, in a crisis of human affairs, to be selected from among thousands, and to be invested with the honors and the perils of authority; to be deemed worthy to marshal and lead on the forces of truth, and to stand for the right where the battle is hottest; to feel the inspiration and uplifting power of the crisis; to gather from the applauses of spectators, and the rapture of the contest, an almost superhuman energy, and to expend it in almost superhuman deeds;—this is indeed a glorious spectacle. But there is a consummation of virtue, a reach of moral intrepidity, more glorious, more covetable than this. It is, to feel the same devotion, without the same allurements of honors. It is, to practise the same self-sacrifice, to achieve the same heroic deeds under a sense of private responsibility, which dignitaries and officials practise and achieve under a sense of public responsibility. It is, to do as much at the secret bidding of conscience, as others do when the voice of acclamation and praise ascends from every hill-top, to inspire them. There is one thing at which the most celebrated among the greatest and the best of men,—of men whose names will go round the world and down the ages,—there is one thing at which such men must forever repine,—that they could not have done the same things for the love of man and the love of God, alone, unalloyed by motives less pure and divine. Must we not then believe that

the removal of the comparatively obscure and secluded who have done their whole duty, without any outward reward or stimulus, without any hope of posthumous renown,—is among the most deplorable losses which the closing year has inflicted upon the world? They gave proofs of genuine greatness and nobleness of soul; and must we not believe that when the great Searcher of hearts shall make up his jewels, the most precious and lustrous that shall be set in the diadem of heaven, will be selected from the lowlier walks of life? What has the world in requital for these losses? It has an equal or a greater number of human beings, freshly arrived upon its shores, but not such beings. It has capacities, only,—something out of which such beings may be made, but not such beings themselves. What has gone was actual, real; what has come is only potential. At least, the change is one of realities for capabilities. How is this loss to be repaired?

In enumerating the companies of those whom time and earth have ceased to number in the catalogue of the living, would that we could stop here. Would that there were none but the illustriously good and the illustriously great, and those whose virtues shine brightest in the eye of Heaven, because they have been exercised in secret. But alas! what distressful throngs of those who came into life yearning for happiness, and capable of happiness and of good, have found only disease and sorrow; and, in sinking into the grave, have reached the only quiet spot which earth had to give them. Their day of mortal agony is over. The hopes which nature implanted in their bosoms were never nurtured into blossoming. The curse of unfaithful parents and of bad associates, the pernicious customs and practices of society, under which they are almost like the clay upon the potter's wheel,—all these have exasperated their inborn capacities of evil, and precipitated them into ruin. The health and strength and physical joy of which they were capable, were sacrificed by ignorance and mismanagement. The hungering faculties were never brought into right relations to those objects of which the bountiful Author of nature has prepared such a profusion, and scattered them on every side. They were never taught to feel the delights of exercising the moral nature, of which a child can have no more conception, without a presentation of fitting opportunities, than he can have an idea of the deliciousness of fruit, when the substance and the flavor are kept from contact with his palate.

What companies of criminals too, during the year that has passed, have closed their day of earthly probation! Capacitated to do good, they have done evil. With powers and faculties to seek out and to perform the right, they have sought out and perpetrated the wrong. With health and strength to earn their own subsistence, and add to the common wealth, they have lived by depredations upon the property of others. With ingenuity and inventive power to improve the machinery of the useful arts, they have perverted their gifts to prepare implements and contrivances for fraud and robbery and false coinage. Some of this class, instead of living by industry, have lived by blood.

To their perverted minds, a little money, an hour of criminal indulgence, was more precious than the life of a fellow-being, and the happiness of his family and of his circle of friends. Look upon the broad expanse of society as upon a map, and you may see the loathsome and hideous vestiges of these men, marked hither and thither upon its surface. They have gone through the community as a tornado cuts through a forest, leaving a pathway of desolation whose ravages it will take a generation to repair. Instead of founding charities for human succor and relief, they have filled prisons. In some instances those have stood at the bar of the criminal tribunals, and been sentenced to the jail or the gallows, to whom nature had given capacities and talents which might have adorned the bench itself from which their condemnation proceeded. Some, instead of worshipping God, became idolaters, and worshipped Moloch, or Mammon, or Nemesis. What a perversion of powers and capabilities! What sacrilege committed upon the holiest of things! It would seem to be enough to satiate the malignity of a fiend to rob a man of his powers of usefulness, to smite down the arm that would dispense blessings, to stifle the aspirations for worthy deeds. But in bad men the power of doing good becomes the desire of doing ill. The arm that should dispense blessings showers curses. The honors that were within their reach are exchanged for ignominy and shame. Such are bad men,—in eternal discord with all the laws of the moral universe, warring against the divine order of Providence. Before harmony can exist, either they must be changed, or the whole system of created and uncreated things must be revolutionized.

Within the last year, more or less of this class,—the thief, the forger, the robber, the burglar, the libertine, the destroyer of life or the destroyer of character,—having done their last and their worst deeds upon earth, have quitted the world they have defiled. A sad and mournful exit; yet, so far as the interests of survivors are concerned, a desirable one! Are their places to be filled? Are their deeds to be re-enacted? Is the deformity of their characters to be re-produced? Who stands ready to furnish recruits for a new campaign of guilt? Can the State afford this defection from its numbers to swell the ranks of sin? Suppose the government to be a mere soulless entity, without conscience, without heart, an arch-bailiff, whose only function it is to keep the peace, and indifferent as to the moral character of the means it uses, provided it can secure its end; suppose all this, and yet, how can it be indifferent to crime? If guilt were the greatest of earthly luxuries, there is not one on the catalogue of the voluptuary which is half so expensive. The frugality of a Republic cannot afford the costly indulgences of crime. If government were a mere banker, shrewdness and far-sighted policy would dictate any expenditure to save the morals of its people. If government were a mere jail-keeper and executioner, it could adopt no means half so effectual for lightening its labors, as the diffusion of intelligence and the cultivation of honesty. Hangman and scourger though it

be, it can make a brilliant speculation by educating its people aright, and thus saving its expenditures for halters and cats. There is no such parsimony as in neglecting the proper culture of youth, because of its cost. He is the greatest prodigal and spendthrift who invests his means in outward goods for the benefit of his children at the expense of their heads and hearts.

But if the State is rich enough to spare a portion of its people for the prison and the gallows, where is the parent who stands ready to have the lot fall upon one of his own offspring? If the ranks of guilt are to be replenished, then it inevitably follows that some of those who have been born within the last year are to imitate the deeds and receive the doom of those guilty wretches, who, though departed from the earth bodily, yet have left an ignominious name behind them. An intolerable imagination! In whose arms is that infant now folded,—on whose throbbing breast is that infant now reposing, who shall hereafter tenant the felon's cell, and fill the felon's grave? The massacre of babes by barbarians is considered among the most revolting in the catalogue of crimes; and the poet and the novelist depict horrors like these to wring the hearts of the sensitive and sympathizing. But the slaughter of Herod itself was a pastime compared with the voluntary guilt of one responsible moral agent. One could not see an infant, driven to the projecting angle of an edifice, by the flames which were consuming it, and vainly stretching forth its hands, and lifting its voice for succor, without becoming frantic at the spectacle; and yet this would be a gala-scene compared with one accountable being writhing under those terrible fires of remorse, which burn without consuming. Who then has a child whom he is willing to have apprenticed and prepared for the terrible work of guilt?

But, as we intimated above, the word "IRREVOCABLE" is written upon all the past. There stand out, statue-like and colossal, the deeds and thoughts of men, unalterable, indestructible forever. Eternity can make them neither more nor less. The Future comes to us, like a flowing sea. For one dreadful moment, we occupy the line that divides it from the Past. During that moment we inscribe what we will, whether it be of volition or action, upon the yielding current. But, that moment gone, the fluid is adamant. Our will, our purpose, our deed, is thenceforth embodied and solidified in ever-during stone. The record is imperishable. No one, thereafter, forever, can say, the will, the purpose, the deed, has not been. The proverb of the ancients was true;—the gods cannot alter the past.

But in the expressive language quoted at the commencement of this article, "We take one race and score them all over with errors; then God seems in his kindness to say, 'Here is a new race,—begin once more.'" Ay, begin once more: try again, ye arbiters of the future! ye shapers and moulders of the fluid as it is consolidated into historic, everlasting tables of stone! Try again. See if, with such precious materials as have been given you, you cannot prepare something higher, better, nobler, than the highest, best, noblest, of the generations that are gone. See if you cannot prepare something which will outshine the

brightest, and be purer than the purest, of past ages. See, though your health and your life should be the forfeit, if you cannot stop that waste and ruin,—that prodigality, that profligacy of waste and ruin,—by which so much of humanity has been, heretofore, squandered, lavished, lost. During the past year, as much of the fresh and pliable material has come into the world, as of the finished or the ruined has passed out of it. The channels are still full, the current swells and flows swiftly on, which bears all human hopes, fears, joys and sufferings, all of future weal or woe upon its bosom. What direction can be given to that current? Shall it be made to flow towards a land of Darkness and a sea of Despair, or shall it be like the river of Life, fast flowing by the throne of God? *Try again*, and would that we could swell our appeal, until it should outvoice the thunder, calling upon every parent in the land to expend himself upon those capabilities of human happiness, newly placed at his disposal.

Take the infant, in your arms, and train it *physically*. It is now well-formed, full of muscular powers, compacted of elastic fibres. Its body is like a close-woven tissue of well-tempered steel springs. What a magazine of energies is a little child; what strength, what robustness, what celerity, are in him! How many journeys across continents, if need be, on errands of mercy and love, may be snugly packed away in those little feet. Look at those little hands, now seeming so empty and impotent. Yet what mechanical contrivances may come from them; what new steam engines, power-presses, telescopes; what treasures of goods and garments and gold, for alms-giving, for charitable distributions, for founding hospitals, schools, universities; for sending boon and blessing to other lands and climes! From between that little right thumb and finger, what volumes may flow out,—poetry, history, philosophy, ethics! In those yet inarticulating lips, what tones and speeches of kindness and love, sweeter than ever came from lyre or lute; sounding ten thousand times farther than any that ever pealed from organ or orchestra; penetrating through all the recesses of the heart, and carrying benediction and joy into all its depths; what orations, what sermons, what advocacy of right that shall ransom the wronged, what thunders against the oppressor, that shall break the captives' chains! May not all these stand behind that vocal apparatus, as behind a curtain, ready, when the occasions come, to leap into performance and consummation? Now what shall be done with all these exquisitely wrought instruments, with these marvellous powers and capabilities? Shall they be mutilated, destroyed, like orient pearl or gem in hands of a false lapidary? Or shall they be cultivated, trained, evolved into the fulness of life, changed from the possible into the actual, from the capacity into the reality? Shall they be rescued from all doubt and fear, and pass beyond hope, and be securely advanced into blessed, immortal, indestructible truth and history?

The intellectual powers, which, within the last year, have come into being, to supply the place of those removed by time,

—what reception shall they meet at our hands? Shall less be made of them?—shall not more be made of them than was made of their predecessors? Some of the minds which the closing year has extinguished abounded in knowledge, and radiated light. In their respective spheres of action, they gave direction, counsel, admonition, and helped forward the great movement of society. By their guidance and instruction, men were enabled,—government was enabled, to avoid many errors, to trace, through the devious windings of many a dark labyrinth, the objects of a wise and far-sighted policy; and, thereby, not only to avoid the dangers that lay in ambush on every side, but to lead the community onward towards a goal of peace and prosperity. Have they left their knowledge, their forethought, their practical judgment, behind them, as a patrimony to the race? Will their attainments of prudence and wisdom descend in a regular order, and at last become the inheritance of their successors? No! these intellectual qualities are personal, not hereditary. No law of transmission applies to them, or exists in reference to them. The new-born child must begin at the point of *zero*, however many degrees along the graduated scale of knowledge his parents or his ancestors may have ascended. All knowledge is to be learned just as many times as there are possessors of it. Modes, apparatus, rules, facilities, may be transmitted from father to son, from age to age; but knowledge itself is essentially personal, untransferable. It is not to be found in the market ready-made; no wealth can buy it; no sovereignty can command it; no craft can purloin it; no robbery can seize it. Young blood can be transferred into old veins, to give new vigor and health to a decrepit frame; but there is no corresponding art by which the accumulations of a deep-freighted, mature mind can be transferred to a vacant one, without the active agency, the self-appropriating efforts of the latter. The glorious Genius of Knowledge sits like a queen above her treasures, and guards them with a jealous, but with an impartial sceptre. She opens her gates and displays her riches to all. She welcomes, she solicits all to come and take and carry away, without money and without measure. Yet her favors must be wooed and won by all in the same way, and by the same means,—by study, by toil, by application of the very applicant himself. Proxies, embassies, missions, however splendid, are unavailing. One homage, one service, is demanded of all, prince or peasant, high-born or low;—the bowing of the will to labor, and the concentration of the energies upon the work.

If such are the terms prescribed by nature for the acquisition of knowledge, how is the loss occasioned by the late removal of its possessors from earth to be repaired? Knowledge will not create itself in the minds of those who, in the onward movement of the great human procession, have just come into being. It will not spring up spontaneously. The children who are born into the world are not only destitute of the knowledge to be acquired, but of all means and facilities for its acquisition, and of all notions of its necessity to their welfare. Their igno-

rance is total, excluding alike knowledge, means and necessity. A great labor, then, is to be performed, or the whole community falls at once through an immense space down the scale of intelligence. A great labor is to be performed even to retain our present vantage-ground. The progress of the world may be compared to a toilsome ascent along an inclined plane. If propulsion is withdrawn, the machinery stops for an instant, and then begins a descent fearfully and more fearfully rapid. The gravitation of all the appetites and passions is against us,—a gravitation whose progressive and accumulating force is feebly represented by geometrical formulas. To retain our present position, then, effort is indispensable; but to ascend still higher demands either increased efforts, or efforts more wisely applied. Both should be given, because the race ceases to fulfil its destiny, unless it moves upward with an increasing velocity.

But that portion of our complex nature, respecting which we are most emphatically bound to "begin once more," or to "try again," and to see if something better cannot be done with the *new* than was done with the *old*, is the Moral Nature. New substances, new spiritual essences, precious beyond description,—precious beyond imagination,—infinitely precious,—are placed in our hands; and their fortunes, for weal or woe, are, to a great extent, intrusted to our disposal. We cannot escape from this responsibility. The season of labor is brief; if our duty is ever done, it must be done quickly. If we are unprepared, the season of preparation is shorter still. What, then, are some of the most pressing needs that demand our attention? We shall devote the residue of our space in this article to an answer to this question.

Looking at the subject only in a social and temporal point of view, we repeat, there is no part of our nature whose demands for being brought into conformity with the great laws of its being, are so urgent, so imperative, as those of the moral faculties. In health and vigor, diseased, afflicted, contaminated, enfeebled, as we are, we approach far nearer to that perfect type, where every fibre and organ has its complete and vigorous play, and where their united and joyous activity yields a gladsome sense of existence, than, in our moral character, we do to the rule of right and standard of perfection. In length of life, our brief period of existence comes nearer to the antediluvian term of longevity, than our imperfect lives do to those high models of purity and excellence we ought to imitate. Our intellect, slow-paced and halting as it is, has advanced further towards circumnavigating all knowledge and all science, than our hearts have towards performing all duties.

Let us refer to some familiar, every-day instances, in evidence and in illustration of facts at once so true and so lamentable.

How is the commission of crime regarded among men? How is it regarded by the individual wronged? How by the community of whose laws it is a transgression? Suppose a man's watch, or coat, or horse to be stolen; or a counterfeit bank note to be fraudulently passed into his hands; or his name to be forged upon a receipt; or a parcel of goods to be obtained of him under

false pretences. In either of the cases supposed, there is no actual destruction of property ; the aggregate of the State's wealth remains the same. But there has been an attempted, or a successful transfer of an article of value from one man to another, against the rights of ownership. This is the outward fact, and this is the extent of the wrong done to the loser. Doubtless it is a serious one ; but the individual defrauded or robbed may have, and indeed generally has, other watches, or coats, or horses, or, at least, the means of procuring them. Even if the guilt is successful, and the articles can never be reclaimed, it very seldom happens that the sufferer is obliged to eat, or drink, or sleep the less, or to forego any of the comforts or conveniences of life, on account of the loss. This is the measure of harm on the side of the loser, or person offended against. But who can measure the magnitude of the evil suffered by the offender himself ? He has outraged and profaned that part of his nature which should have been kept inviolate and sacred. He has written a black page in his own history that no detergent can ever efface,—no alchemy can ever transmute into whiteness,—a page that must endure forever, as a part of his own living consciousness and memory. Pardon may save him from some of the consequences that otherwise would have avenged the deed ; but not even pardon, however bounteous and overflowing, can ever annihilate the fact that wrong was done, and that he was its author. The very idea of pardon, indeed, must forever suggest the idea of offence ; and the idea of having offended must forever make deductions from the happiness of a pure nature. Perhaps the offender, previous to his lapse, was pressing forward in a course of virtue and honor, which, so far, is always a course of happiness ; but when he violated his allegiance to truth, and deserted her banner, he turned by the greatest angle, and entered the pathway to ruin. The offence, then, was an infraction of the great principles on which his own moral nature was constructed ; it was a bootless sacrifice of honor ; it was the exchange of peace of mind for anxiety and the goadings of remorse ; it was placing himself in opposition to Heaven, and in discordance with the moral universe. When a man, before innocent, commits crime, he passes, by a sudden transition, into a new world. The significance of all objects around him is changed ; the laws of association in his own mind are changed ; a viper is born in his breast which stings and goads him ; sounds that he never heard before ring in his ears ; a violated conscience turns avenger and scourger ;—the foe is within him. Were it merely an external enemy, assaulting the criminal from without, perhaps he might be fled from, resisted, bribed, or would at last remit his inflictions through very weariness of tormenting. But not so with the consciousness of wrong. Whenever the soul works, that works, for it is a part of the soul. It will not sleep, nor tire, nor relent.

“ From virtue's ways when vicious men depart,
The first avenger is the culprit's heart.”

Such is the measure of harm on the side of the offender!

Contrast the losses of these respective parties,—the offended and the offender,—and then consider the feelings with which they are commonly regarded by society. Though the injured party had been despoiled of the last cent of his wealth,—though the last morsel had been snatched from his famishing lips,—though his shelter had been burned over his head, and he sent forth naked and penniless into the world,—still, after all this, his loss would have been infinitely less than that of the criminal who had inflicted it. Yet what similitude or approach to this view of the case is there in the common sentiments of mankind? Does not the man whose property has been pillaged receive a thousand times more sympathy and condolence than he who has lost character, peace of mind, and both retrospect and prospect of happiness? If the loss of property is so great as to cause destitution or distress, what promptness and generosity are manifested in repairing it! Yet who seeks out the criminal to repair his incomparably greater loss? Alas! the criminal is sought for purposes of vengeance only, not of reformation. If the loss is considerable, the sovereign authority of the State is invoked, rewards are offered, the police is put in motion, spies lurk over the land, emissaries are dispatched towards all points of the compass, and sometimes the ocean is crossed in pursuit of the offender,—not to reclaim him to virtue, but to subject him to punishment. Nations make treaties, by which supposed fugitives from justice may be surrendered for trial and punishment; courts are maintained at enormous expense; the highest talents in the country are called to fill the offices of prosecutor and judge, and, finally, costly edifices and armed guards are prepared for carrying into execution the terrible sentences of the law.

Now, all this mighty apparatus of means looks to one side of the case only,—to the injury which has been done to property. From beginning to end, not an effort has been made to save or to repair that greater loss inflicted by guilt upon the guilty. The incomparably lesser loss engrosses and absorbs the attention, the sympathies, the forces, the talents of society. The incomparably greater loss is seldom heeded or thought of. Conversation, the newspapers,—those exponents of public opinion,—blazon forth the property that is gone, but forget the character that is ruined. Surely things could never be so in a community where the love of virtue had practical ascendancy over the love of money,—where, in the price-current of public opinion, souls were of more value than silver and gold. On a point like this, is not an entire revolution in public sentiment demanded by every principle of philosophy and Christianity? Has not society itself, as well as the offenders it condemns, some offences to expiate?

There is another aspect of this case, which, though it differs greatly from the preceding in degree, is not distinguishable from it in principle. When a family, or a circle of friends, is thrown into consternation by the exposure of some offence committed by one of its members, which is it that is most lamented, the breach of the moral and the divine law, or the worldly dis-

grace consequent upon the detection? If the public disgrace and scandal inflict a deeper wound than the guilty deed itself, then it is because there is a greater reverence for public opinion than for the laws of God. If conscience had a higher homage than the community, then we should lament the wrong, in and of itself, more than the shame attending it. Yet, are there not cases where a second, or a third, or even a hundredth crime, equal in magnitude to the first, would be gladly committed, if thereby the original one could be concealed from public view? In such families or circles, surely conscience is an inferior authority, and holds an unhonored place. The natural sovereign of the soul is degraded into a vassal. It has lost its majesty and its authority; and unless it can be reinstated in its rights, the realm is ruined.

Let us refer to another fact, not without examples amongst us, illustrating the practical debasement of the moral sense. There are men in the community, who desire to be esteemed honest and honorable, yet who practise devices which put honesty and honor in jeopardy. We refer to measures sometimes adopted for the purpose of testing the strength of principle in agents and fiduciaries. A merchant, for instance, receives a young clerk into his store or counting-room, who is to keep the keys to his door and his chest, have access to his goods, or to be intrusted with his banking account; and he wishes to determine at once whether the youth is temptation-proof. For this purpose he covertly lays a piece of money or a bank bill where it may appear to have been dropped by accident; or he leaves open his pocket-book, as if by chance, with its valuable contents exposed to view; and then waits and watches for the hour of trial. Does not all this proceed upon the idea that property is worth more than integrity? Does it not weigh character against the purse, and jeopard the soul to save a shilling? Conscience is not a fixed, invariable force. It is not the same in the same person at all times, any more than it is the same in all persons. Its first attribute is that of growth, of invigoration. It is as capable of these as the limbs are; and like them, it may be weakened by disuse, or crippled by a blow. It would be as wise to place a burden, which only a man can carry, upon the shoulders of a child, in order to test its capabilities of strength, as to bring an unenlightened and uninvigorated conscience within the attractive power of a strong temptation, in order to test its strength of resistance. No reflecting man, who does not prefer coin to conscience, could ever so endanger the latter to secure the former. Integrity is the only safe keeper of property, and there can be no policy more short-sighted or immoral than to corrupt the keeper.

There is another almost universal practice in society, which has amazing power to contaminate the moral sentiments, at any age, but especially in childhood. This practice is not confined to the thoughtless and unprincipled, but it infects the domestic intercourse of the most respectable and religious families. We refer to the practice of relating anecdotes which exemplify the union of wickedness and wit. Many of the arts of the knavish

are exceedingly adroit and ingenious, and fraud is often attended with ludicrous accompaniments. The basest cheats are often practised, by using a joke as a decoy. A declaration or promise bearing an obvious meaning upon its face, may have an occult one most incongruous to the real. This constitutes wit, for wit often consists in the mere juxtaposition of incongruous ideas. A startling collocation of thoughts arrests the attention and opens the mind; and then the malice, or the baseness, or the trickery is insinuated into the soul, as poisoned medicines are swallowed because of their sweetened surface. If the company or the table is set in a roar by a story of dishonest craft, what other idea can a child get but that the wit is worth more than the honesty? What is the archetype furnished to a child's mind, when an account of practical falsehood is related with zest and greeted with applause; and when the company of those is most sought who excel in relating the stratagems of crime? What idea of the relative value of deception and of sincerity must a child receive when the recital of successful knavery excites a shout of laughter that drowns its immorality? In all such cases, immorality is expressly inculcated under the stimulus of merriment. Delight gilds the poison. Pleasure is teacher, and her lessons are lies. The unsophisticated conscience of a child would revolt at this wrong, if it were presented in its own natural deformity; but its accompaniments conceal the hideousness of its features. It is only by dint of custom and immoral training that the moral sensibilities of children can be so dreadfully perverted as they now are. Bad example scorches the very texture of the conscience, as by a subtle flame, and sears its susceptibility to wrong.

We recollect once hearing an aged and distinguished clergyman,—a man to whom the moral interests of hundreds of youth had been committed,—rebuked by a little daughter not more than nine or ten years old. He had been relating an anecdote, of a most brilliant point, but a most fraudulent purpose. After the general response of laughter had subsided, with a meek but earnest voice, the little girl said, "But father, was that honest?" The gray-haired professional moralist stood abashed before the child's purity. The touch of Ithuriel's spear revealed the falsity. Her instinct reached what all his philosophy and his Christianity had failed to discover. The voice of God spoke through an unsophisticated conscience, and revealed a glimpse of divine truth. Was it not in reference to such qualities in children that it was said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?" Yet is not nature daily giving such treasures to the world? She *rejuvenises* herself perpetually. Those who have become so deeply incrustated with vice as to resist all moral appliances,—whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron,—are removed, in the order of nature and Providence, from a world they have dishonored; and in their stead we have a new creation. We have creatures of such plasticity that they may be moulded by circumstances into almost any form. How deep and solemn is the voice sent forth by these truths, saying, "Here is a new race,—begin once more!"

[To be continued.]